OLD CUSTOMS.

Old customs! Well, our children say,
We get along without them;
But you and I, dear, in our day
Had other thoughts about them.
The dear old habits of the past—
I cannot choose but love them,
And sigh to think the world at last
Has soared so high above them.

We had not, in the years gone by,
The grace that art discovers;
Our lives were calmer; you and I
Were very simple lovers.
And when, our daily duties o'er,
We strayed beside the rushes,
The only gems you ever wore
Were bright and blooming blushes.

Our rustic way was slow, but yet
Some good there was about it,
And many ills we now regret
Old habits would have routed
I know our children still can see
The Fifth Commandment's beauty—
May they obey, as once did we,
From love and not from duty.

The world to-day is far too high
In wisdom to confess them,
But well we know, dear, you and I,
For what we have to bless them.
Though love was in the heart of each,
I trembled to accost you;
Had you required a polished speech
I think I would have lost you.

No doubt our minds are slow to gauge
The ways we are not heeding;
But here upon our memory's page
In very simple reading,
It says the forms we still hold fast
Were wise as well as pleasant—
The good old customs of the past
Have leavened all the present.

A Balloon for Service Under the Sea.

[Elevated Railway Journal.]

The International Exhibition of Nice is reserving some wonders for the foreigners who may propose to pass a portion of the coming winter upon the borders of the Mediterranean.

One of these wonders is a balloon which its inventor, M. Toselli, calls "the observatory under the sea." It is made of steel and bronze, to enable it to resist the pressure which the water produces at 120 metres.

"The observatory under the sea" has a height of eight metres, and is divided into three compartments. The upper apartment is reserved for the commander, to enable him to direct and watch the working of the observatory, and to give to the passengers the explanations necessary as to the dept' of the descent, and what they will se in the depths of the sea.

The second apartment, in the center of the machine, is comfortably furnished for passengers to the number of eight, who are placed so that they can see a long distance from the machine. They have under their feet a glass which enables them to examine at their ease the bottom of the sea, with its fishes, its plants, and its rocks. The obscurity being almost complete at seventy metres of depth, the observatory will be provided with a powerful electric sun, which sheds light to a great distance in lighting these depths.

The passengers have at their disposal a telephone, which allows them to converse with their friends who have stopped on the steamboat which transports the voyagers to such places as are known as the most curious in the neighborhood. They have also handy a telegraph machine. Beneath the passengers an apartment is reserved for the machine, which is constructed on natural principles—that is to say, as the vessle of a fish, becoming heavier or lighter at command, so as to enable the machine to sink or rise at the wish of the operator.

DANDY HOTEL GUESTS.

A Veteran Clerk Tells of a Few He Has Met--His Experiences.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"Who was the most admirable guest I ever came across in my career behind hotel counters?" asked George Fuller, clerk of the Russell house, replying to a question.

"Yes, that's about it."

"Well," said the clerk, "I have, in the course of my experience, met several rather noted traveling men. Now, when I was day clerk of the Hamehameha house in Honolulu——"

"Here, come off on that."

"Do you want to hear my story or not, young fellow?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, then, don't make any unnecessary comments. Now, to proceed. While I was clerk of the house there arrived a very high-toned Kanaka from Wani in Hawaii Island. He came over in a little boat. He wore a plug, and nothing else to speak of except some highly-interesting flesh-tint illustrations. He engrossed his name on the register. I gave him a check for his grip, took his overcoat—you see they have no bell boys in the hotels of Hawaii."

"Ain't you getting a little tangled up?"

"I should curl my mustache that I wasn't. We ought to have had bell boys but didn't."

"I didn't mean that. I simply desired to intimate that saying the fellow was naked and had an overcoat in the same breath is rather suggestive of inconsistency."

"Well, are you telling this story?"

"No, but—"

"Very well, then, keep still and take a reef in your jaw, while I proceed. He asked: 'What's the price of your finest room, first floor, front, with bath?' I told him, and I gave him a figure high enough to buy the ransom of Kalakaua. He planked down two weeks' pay at this figure all in crisp, brand new United States greenbacks—"

"New greenbacks in the Sandwich Islands? Now, George—"

"Shut up! You're listening. I'm telling the story. I was a little paralyzed already, but when he asked for the 'worst room in the house' I was simply killed dead. The fellow said, 'I know I'll get it, anyway, so I ask for it. You can charge the figure you have specified, however.' He flew very high while he stayed. We fondled him too, you bet, for he was altogether the flushest guest we had had in months. But when he left—it makes me kick myself yet to even think of it—we discovered that the money he had paid was counterfeit!"

"He was a good deal of a dandy, wasn't he?"

"Quite, but he couldn't compare with a lady boarder that I had with me when I clerked in the Alexandrovitch Kotzebue house in Sitka in 1864—that was before America invested in Alaska. She drove up one afternoon in a phaeton drawn by four white horses—"

"Here, here. I can't stand everything!"

"Well, it's for you to hear—you're right. But quit your chinning and listen. She alighted rather grandly and greeted me smilingly. She ordered the whole first floor assigned to her and I consulted the proprietor, and we laid ourselves out to accommodate our distinguished guest. She said she was the Countess Rolcaczy, whose husband had been appointed by the Imperial Government Governor of Russian-America. He would arrive by the next Pacific steamer from Petropauloviski, Kamschatka, where he was located. The commandant at Sitka gave in his allegiance all right and for a time the Countess reigned in great shape. Everything went swimmingly until she began to get large advances on credi' from all the Sitka banks—"

"Banks? This is too much."

"Will you quit interrupting? We thought it was a little queer that she did not offer to pay us some portion of her very large hotel bill. One night the Countess disappeared, and she left a great deal ahead of Sitka. I was discharged next week for not having detected her as a fraud at first sight."

"Who was she?"

"A milliner—name Smith—from San Francisco."

"But these cases are of rank swindlers. I can't see that they were admirable guests. I mean guests that delighted your soul."

"When I leased the Hotel de l'Empereur Napoleon on St. Helena, I gave a Brazilian nobleman an inside room, four floors up near the kitchen, and he never kicked. He was a darling. Then again when I kept the 'End of the World' at Cape Horn, my only guests were Argentine and Chilian generals who were 'holding' Tierra del Fuego for their respective powers. Grub got a little short. You know Port Famine is in that region, and we had to feed the boys once in a while on soup made from able-bodied Fuegians. The generals entered no protest. When I clerked in the 'Geyser' at the base of Mt. Hecla in Iceland—"

"That settles it. You yank the belt away from Ananias in the greatest kind of shape."

And the clerk's victim made his escape, with something about the 'Grand Llama's Delight' at Lassa in Thibet and virtues of a Buddhist priest who stopped there ringing in his ears as a parting shot.

The London Fire Department.

[Evening Post.]

A Chicago man who has been to London thus tells how they put out fires there: "Near the American exchange, at the corner of the Strand and Adelaide street, is the Chandos street station of the Metropolitan fire brigade. Here are located a manual engine and a steamer and twelve or fourteen firemen. One day I chanced to be passing the brigade station, when a young fellow, all excitement and perspiration rushed up from the direction of Drury lane and breathlessly shouted:

"Urro up 'ere! There's a fire just breakin' hout in Drury lane. Look sharp, now!"

"The engineer who was in charge of the place turned to a group of firemen and said:

" 'Arry, put on your 'elmet and go see what it is."

'Arry proceeded to don the brigade tunic and the 'elmet, and started off on a run in the direction of Drury lane. He was gone perhaps ten minutes. When he hove in sight again he had his 'elmet in his hand, the perspiration rolled from his flaming brow, and he was puffing like a locomotive."

"Come along," he managed to articulate, "'hit's sure enough fire."

"The engineer deliberately ordered the manual to be hitched up, and while one man went around the corner to get the horses, two others put the pole in place and the rest of the men put on their tunics and 'elmets. When the team was hitched up, they pulled out and rattled away over the pavement to Drury lane. Do you know what happened then? No! Well, they got to Drury lane, found that the fire had spread from an upper floor, where it had started, to a paint shop on the first floor, and the whole building was booming. Their manual was no use under heaven, and they rattled back to the station after the steamer. When they returned with their steamer, the fire had consumed the interior of the building and its contents, and there was no use for the engine. So they quietly returned to their quarters."

Using the Parlor.

In one sense it should not be a living room, because it should be the one place in all the house where work is not an obtrusive suggestion. It should be a refuge from all business associations and from all toil that is wearisome or distasteful.

In this room there should be only the most restful and peaceful associations. A place free from the worries of life is really necessary for the healthy development, and in its appointments it must be comfortable to the person, tranquilizing to the mind and gratifying to the eye. To produce this result care should be exercised not to make the parlor a "family refrigerator" or give it a stiff and forbidding air. There is nothing sacred about the room; there is no reason why one should feel so constrained that breathing is made painful by the fear of being obtrusive.

ECCENTRIC CHILDREN.

Juveniles Who Are Read About But Never Seen in Real Life.

[Puck.]

The boy who likes Sunday.
The boy who is as pretty as he does.
The child who is seen and not heard.
The girl who wouldn't rather be a boy.
The boy who likes to be called "Bub."
The boy who only speaks when he is spoken to.
The boy who minds his mother as well as his father.
The boy who wouldn't rather go skating then be an angel.
The boy who prefers his sister to some other boy's sister.
The boy who goes to Sundy-school because he enjoys it.
The boy who wouldn't rather wear boots than be president.
The boy who eats what is set before him, and asks no questions.
The boy who wouldn't rather be Jesse James than George Washington.
The boy, however homely, saucy, naughty, noisy, troublesome and disagreeable he may be, who isn't sweeter and dearer and more precious to his mother than any other child in the world.
The boy who doesn't walk in the gutter when there is any water in it, who doesn't steal rides on street cars, run away from school and play marbles "for keeps" when he is well enough to be out doors.
The little boy who keeps his clothes clean, stays in the house on Saturday and studies his Sunday-school lesson, plays with the girls, knows how to dance, and always minds his parents, and knows enough to come in when it rains.
Oh, what would the world be without "boys!"

A Wife's Practical Joke.

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

A Burlington man recently wedded a young wife. The lady became enthused over Will Carleton's tale of the elopement of a handsome young woman with a "handsome man," and determined to try the same thing herself. She wrote a neat little note, stating that she had left home with a gentleman whom she had dearly loved before she had met her husband, and that he need not trouble himself to look for them.

Then she called in her younger brother and went calling with him, arranging to return and hide where she could witness her liege lord's dismay when he came to read of her flight. She from her place of concealment saw him enter, saw him look all around in surprise at her absence, and finally saw him discover the note. He opened and read it, while her heart beat high with excitement in anticipation of the breaking out she expected to hear.

The poor fellow finished the cruel missive, tore it up and threw the fragments on the floor, and then, without a moment's warning, drew a revolver and fired point blank at his breast, and fell without a sign of life to the carpet.

With a terrified scream the woman was at her husband's side in a moment, lifting his head, rolling him, shaking him, turning him, and hunting for blood, all the time shrieking for her William to speak to her, to forgive her, to only look at her. William lay motionless, however, and the neighborhood, aroused by the shot and screams, came flocking in to learn of the excitement, when suddenly, when a score or more had gathered, the dead leaped up from the floor as well as ever, at which the wife fainted away. She soon revived, however, and then it all came out that the younger brother, being in sympathy with William, had let him into the scheme, and he had chosen that mode of punishing his joking wife. She jokes no more, but her husband has compromised on a pony phaeton to keep peace in the family.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE INSANE.

[Col. Weekley in Arkansas Traveller.]

I was once insane and I often muse over my experience. There are, of course many kinds of insanity. Some mental disorders take place so gradually that even the closest companions of the victim are at a loss to remember when the trouble began. It must have been this way in my case. One evening, after an oppressively warm day, a day when I experienced more fatigue from the heat than ever before or since, I sat on my porch fanning myself. "This arm that is now in motion," I mused, "must one of these days be dust. I wonder how long will the time be."

Then I mused upon the evidence I had of immortality. I could do things that other people could not accomplish. I had gone through battle after battle, and though the bullets sang and struck around me thick as hail, yet I remained uninjured. I had passed through epidemics of yellow fever. My idea gained strength as I mused, and I was convinced that I should live forever. No, this cannot be, for death follows all men alike. Yes, I am to die like other men, and I believe that it is my duty to make the most of life; to make money, and enjoy myself, and to educate my children. I wanted to be rich, and I began to study over an imaginary list of enterprises.

At last I hit upon radishes. People must have radishes. They should be in every store. They could be dried and sold in winter. I would plant fifty acres with radish seed, and people all over the country would refer to me as the "radish king." I would form a radish syndicate, and buy up all the radishes, and travel around and be admired. I hastened to the house to tell my wife that she was soon to be a radish queen. At the breakfast table I said:

"Julia, how would you like to be a radish queen?"

"A what?" she exclaimed.

I explained my plan. I acquiring great wealth, and during the recital she acted so curiously that I was alarmed. I feared that she was losing her mind. Finally she seemed to understand. She agreed with me, but told me not to say anything more about it. After breakfast I saw her talking earnestly with her father, and I knew that she was explaining to the old gentleman how she intended to pay his debts when I became known as the radish king. The old man approached me, with much concern, and told me that I needed rest, and that I must not think of business. He was old, and sadly worried, and I promised him that I would not think of business.

Pretty soon I went out to inspect my radish kingdom. Looking around, I saw the old man following me. From the field I went to the village.

I approached a prominent, citizen, who had always been my friend and told him how I intended to become rich. He seemed grieved, and I saw at once that he was contemplating the same enterprise. It seemed mean that he should take advantage of me, and I told him so. He tried to explain, but he made me so mad that I would have struck him if my father-in-law had not come up and separated us. I tried to calm myself, but could not. Those who had been my friends proved to be my enemies, and I was determined to be avenged, but before I could execute my will, I was seized by several men. My father-in-law did not attempt to rescue me, and I hated him. I was taken to jail. My wife came to see me, but she did not try to have me released. I demanded a trial, but no lawyer would defend me.

Then I realized that the entire community was against me. I became so mad that my anger seemed to hang over me like a dark cloud. It pressed me to the floor and held me there. Men came after a long time, took me away, I thought, to the penitentiary. One day a cat came into my cell, and I tried to bite it. She made the hair fly, but I killed her. I don't know how long I remained here, but one morning the sun rose and shone in at me through the window. It seemed to be the first time that I had seen the great luminary for months. A mist cleared from before my eyes. My brain began to work, and suddenly I realized that I had been insane. I called the keeper, and when he saw me, he exclaimed: "Thank God!" and grasped my hand. I was not long in putting on another suit of clothes, and turning my face toward home. A physician said that I was cured, and everybody seemed bright and happy at my recovery. I boarded a train, with a gentleman, and went home. My wife fainted when she saw me and learned that I had recovered my mind. I asked for my little children, and two big boys and a young lady came forward and greeted me. I had been in the asylum twelve years.

Early Day Facts.

The first white child born in North America was Virginia, daughter of Anadias and Eleanor Dare, and granddaughter of Governor John White. She was born the 18th of August, 1587, in Roanoke, North Carolina. Her parents were of the expedition sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in that year. There is no record of her history, save that of her birth.

The first minister who preached the gospel in North America was Robert Hunt, of the Church of England, an exemplary man, who came out in the same company with Captain John Smith, in the year 1607. He was much esteemed as a man of peace, and was in many ways useful to the colony. There is no record of his death, or of his returning to England; he most probably died at Jamestown. He had a good library which was burnt, with all his other property, in the burning of Jamestown, the next winter after he came out.

The first females who came to Virginia proper were Mrs. Forest and her maid, Anne Burras, in the expedition of Newport, 1608. The first marriage in Virginia was in the same year—John Layton to Anne Burras. The ceremony was probably by the same "good Master Hunt."

The first intermarriage between the whites and Indians was John Rolf to Pocahontas, in April, 1613. Pocahontas was also the first of the Virginia Indians that embraced Christianity and was baptized.

The first legislative assembly in Virginia met in July, 1619, at the summons of Governor or George Yeardly. One month later negroes were first brought into the colony by a Dutch man-of-war.

The first periodical of North America was the Boston News Letters, which made its appearance in August, 1705. The first in the Old Dominion was The Virginia Gazette, published at Williamsburg, by William Parks, weekly, at fifteen shillings. It appeared in 1736, and was long the only paper published in the colony. Slavery preceded the periodical press by 117 years.

The Blue Ridge was first crossed by whites in 1714. The first iron furnace erected in North America was by Governor Spottswood, in 1730, in Spottsylvania County, Virginia.

The Origin of Roller Skates.

In view of the fact that roller skating has played such havoc with theater patronage, it will be interesting to the stage profession to know that it was out of the demand for stage effects that roller skating was invented. A Mr. Kobbe writes to the French press to say:

"I am told by Herr Hock, the stage manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, that all who enjoy roller-skating are indebted for their sport to the famous composer, Meyerbeer.

When his opera 'The Prophet' was produced in Paris it was almost decided at one time to cut out the skating scene in the third act, as the manager saw no way of converting the stage into a sheet of ice. In this crisis an ingenious stage hand came forward and suggested that ordinary skates might be placed on wheels. The Grand Opera House at Paris, therefore, was the first roller-skating rink the world has known."

TORRENT AND BROOK.

A torrent once was heard to say
To a wee brook, met on the way,
"What useless life is that you lead?
One 'most would doubt you flowed indeed;
Just hear me as I roll and roar,
And drag these rocks my waves before.
I'd scorn to meander as you do!
But I must on—good-bye to you."

"One moment, please," the brook replied,
"Do curb your course, if not your pride.
'Tis true I slowly loiter through
This vale, and scarce a mile or two
In twice that many hours can make
And yet methinks I wouldn't forsake
My ways for yours. Around your bed
The earth is rocky, blasted, dead.
About my own the grass and flowers
Are weaving many tiny bowers
That shade my way and scent the air.
What's best, your way or mine? Be fair."
The brook then list'; but heard no more,
Except the surly torrent's roar.

—[Home Journal.

Changing Her Punctuation.

[Boston Times.]

"I'm a gift of the period and you don't expect me to do house work, do you mother?"

"Oh, no; all I expect you to do is just to change your punctuation a little. You need a little more dash about you. You want to get up energy enough to jump over a high fence. Fewer apostrophes to the stars and more life will do you good. Take that hod and put some more fuel on the fire, and become a girl of the colon."

How Japanese Babies are Welcomed.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

One curious custom in vogue is the exhibition of a fish on every house where a boy has been born to the family during the year. This showing is made in the month of May, and on the fifth of that month there is a high festival held; the relatives and friends of the family making it the occasion of presenting gifts and toys suitable for boys, as well as clothing fitting for the little chap.

All sorts of child's gear is to be seen on exhibition at this time, and no boy is neglected. The boy is the pride of the household, the parents testifying their joy in feasting all comers who honor them by their remembrances.

The girl babies are not forgotten, but they are accorded another day and a seperate festival time, this being the third day of the third month—the 3d of March. Then instead of a fish floating as a symbol, the doll is to be seen in abundance, and all the toys known to the girl world are lavishly displayed.

There is very much of pride exhibited on both of these child festivals, as the gifts presented are ostentatiously displayed by the fond parents for the admiration of their friends. Diminutive suits of armor, tiny swords and bows and arrows, toy horses, with full suits of trappings—in fact, every imaginable thing that goes into the make up of the Japanese warrior of the olden time are on parade on the 5th of May; while the 3d of March brings forth all that is representative of the life and fancies of the feminine gender.

There are many who are not content to await the full advent of the time for the display of the fish emblem, so that during the latter part of April it is no uncommon thing to see an immense fish, sometimes two so constructed that it is filled by the breeze, floating from a bamboo pole, heralding the glory that has its lodgment in the house from which it is exhibited.

ARTEMUS WARD'S HOME.

Anecdotes of the Humorist's Youth.

Of all the pretty inland hamlets of Maine, and they are many, not one surpasses in picturesqueness and quiet beauty the little village of Waterford, in Oxford County, where Charles F. Brown, better known as "Artemus Ward," was born. The place is about forty-five miles from Portland. It contains only about 100 inhabitants. It lies on the shore of a large lake known as Tom Pond, at the foot of a precipitous mountain called Mount Tire'm.

The inhabitants are mostly farmers, and, as a rule, well to do. Within the limits of the township are many hills, ponds and fine trout brooks, while the crooked river manages, by hard work and strict attention to business, to wander eighteen miles in crossing the seven miles wide township. The country about Waterford is fertile, and once contained the finest belt of pine timber in Maine. Artemus liked Waterford, but not Oxford County, for he relates that within two months after a scurrilous young man had made fun of his bald head his aunt died and left him a farm in Oxford County, Me. "The human mind can picter no greater misfortin' than this."

Artemus' father died when the boy was about 14 years old, and as the family circumstances were somewhat limited thereby, he was apprenticed to Mr. J. M. Rix, who published the Coos Democrat, at Lancaster, N. H. The stage line at Lancaster ran by the Brown homestead, and the driver was not unfamiliar with the ability of the future "genial showman" in the way of practical jokes.

They knew how he organized shows, wherein the father's red cow, with a coat sleeve stuffed full of hay hanging from her nose, served as the elephant upon which innocent country youth were invited to ride with startling results. They knew, too, how old Deacon Hale's white horse had been induced to wander away for miles following a tempting bit of hay, hung just beyond reach by means of a lath strapped to the horse's neck. There was an endless series of pranks gotten up by the boy to mystify the villagers in general, and his mother in particular, and all these were well known to the stage drivers.

So when the young humorist started for Lancaster, eager to know as much as possible about his future residence, the veteran driver, Steve Seary, having previously conspired with the boys in Rix's office to give young Brown a fitting reception, assured him that Mr. Rix was a pious man, and that his hands were, if anything, more pious than he, and that the sooner the would-be apprentice crammed on the catechism the better. Charles listened dolefully.

It was late at night when the stage reached Lancaster, and in the morning young Brown hied himself to the office. The "force" consisted of a journeyman and an apprentice named Smith. They received him solemnly. The journeyman handed him a Bible and made him read a chapter, after which he was examined on the catechism. His ignorance was severely commented upon, but he was permitted to go to work. At noon a similar performance was enacted, while intense gloom rested on the office during the day. The next morning Charles went to the office resolved to run away at the end of the week, but on looking about failed to find his fellow craftsmen. Further search revealed them under the garret stairs too intoxicated to walk. Young Brown was so angry over the sell that he wrote a note to the driver threatening vengeance, which was never carried out.

Brown's fame as a humorist was a surprise to all who knew him, and even to himself. A greater surprise to his kinsfolk now is the interest still manifested in the dead merrymaker and his work. They thought that all the attention would cease with his life, but every year the number of people who visit Waterford increases.

The town has changed but little since his time. The village green, about which he wrote and loved to think, is as green and pretty as ever. The old Brown homestead is still one of the best in town, and the tide of summer travel troubles the quiet streets but little.

Brown's remains are buried in Elmvale Cemetery, near the old Emerson place. The grave is marked with a plain slab, much neglected. At the time of his burial some of his literary friends proposed getting up a monument, and did pass resolutions to that effect. The monument, though much needed, has never appeared. A copy of the resolutions was, however, sent to the grateful relatives. As usual, in such cases, all the villagers looked with much suspicion on the reports of Charles' successes. Had they not always known him as a tow-headed, mischievous lad, whose future they disliked to predict. But now the line engraved upon his tombstone seems to be true wherever "A Ward's" sayings are known:

"His memory shall remain a sweet and unfading recollection."

Gossips and Gossiping.

[Chicago Eye.]

We all know how difficult it is to narrate the simplest fact as it actually occurred, or to repeat the plainest story as it was told to us. For the most part, we round off our pictures with fancy touches thrown in for light and color and a more harmonious rendering—not to do mischief but to satisfy the artistic instinct; and the consequence is that we create an impression on the mind of the hearer. He, this hearer, repeating, adds fancy touches on his side; and the process is repeated till the actual fact gets lost in a fog of false rendering, wherin nothing is true but the instinct of fluid talk by which it has been propagated.

But the fact of this certain inaccuracy of repetition has no curbing power on the gossip who retails the story; and, when he is brought to book on the charge of spreading false reports and bearing his part in shying stones at his neighbors' houses, answers demurely, "I did not mean to do any harm; I only told so and so to Mrs. This and That, and she had no business to repeat it!"

This only telling so and so is just the whole burden of the mischief. Mrs. This and That is as great a gossip as himself—as much of a sieve; and when two sieves are put together to hold water, how much will be left for a thirsty soul to drink by the end of a summer's day.

And again, Mrs. This and That's promise to secresy is no valid plea for condonation. The thing we cannot keep for ourselves we have no right to expect others will keep for us, and we only play monkey tricks with our conscience when we pretend to believe that every one else is more trust-worthy than ourselves.

Grim experience tells us that gossip is never kept, how sacred soever the promise, and no methods have been as yet invented which can padlock the wagging tongue and check that fluid speech which is worse than the letting out of many waters. We know that we have simply ensured translation and passing it on with additions, when we gossip to our friends under promise of silence, and that we have been sowing seeds of evil, whereof no man can foretell the ultimate deadly growth.

Reporters' English.

[Printers' Register.]

Curious examples of mixed metaphor are occasionally seen in leading articles; but for odd perversions and strange phrases the reporters and writers of the sporting newspapers are unexampled. Lately a paragraph appeared in one of them headed—"Dastardly conduct of a steam tug;" in another, we were told that "the concert was witnessed by a fashionable and intelligent audience;" in a third that "after a fruitless search the whole of the lost money was found except a pair of old boots."

A descriptive writer informs his readers that "owing to the influence of Jupiter Pluvius, the ground was very soft and sloppy, but as the day wore on, the glorious rays of old Solomon dissipated the damp." A man was summoned, we are told for "willfully annoying a telegraph signal;" a man was fined five shillings for "knocking at a door and disturbing the inhabitants of an empty house;" a railway porter was remanded for insolence to a passenger, the magistrate remarking that he had "never heard of a greater instance of official politeness;" a young lady witness in an assault case deposed to being "greatly exasperated by the defendant's want of adoration;" and a race-horse is described as a "weedy ill-conditioned excrescence, quite unfit for equitation."

These, it will be remembered, are not printers' errors, but writers' elegance.